

SPAWN



104

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

CAUTIONARY TALES - PART III

town called malice

DEDICATED TO
DON MURPHY

PLOT
BRIAN HOLGUIN
TODD McFARLANE

STORY
BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS
ANGEL MEDINA

INKS
DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA
SEAN PARSONS

LETTERING
TOM ORZECOWSKI

COLOR
BRIAN HABERLIN
DAN KEMP
HABERLIN STUDIOS

COVER
GREG CAPULLO

PRESIDENT OF
ENTERTAINMENT
TERRY FITZGERALD

ART DIRECTOR
BRENT ASHE

DESIGNER
BOYD WILLIAMS

MANAGING EDITOR
BRAD GOULD

PUBLISHER FOR
IMAGE COMICS
JIM VALENTINO

SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE



SPAWN 103 SUMMARY

Being a man of wealth and taste, Eric is a collector of war memorabilia. As his collection grows, he begins to look for one-of-a-kind items that no one else possesses. The clerk in the store is more than happy to show him just such an item: a Nazi lamp with a shade of human skin, adorned with a rose tattoo. After making the purchase, Eric goes home to admire his latest acquisition; however, Spawn awaits him, and reveals the secrets behind how the lamp came to be.

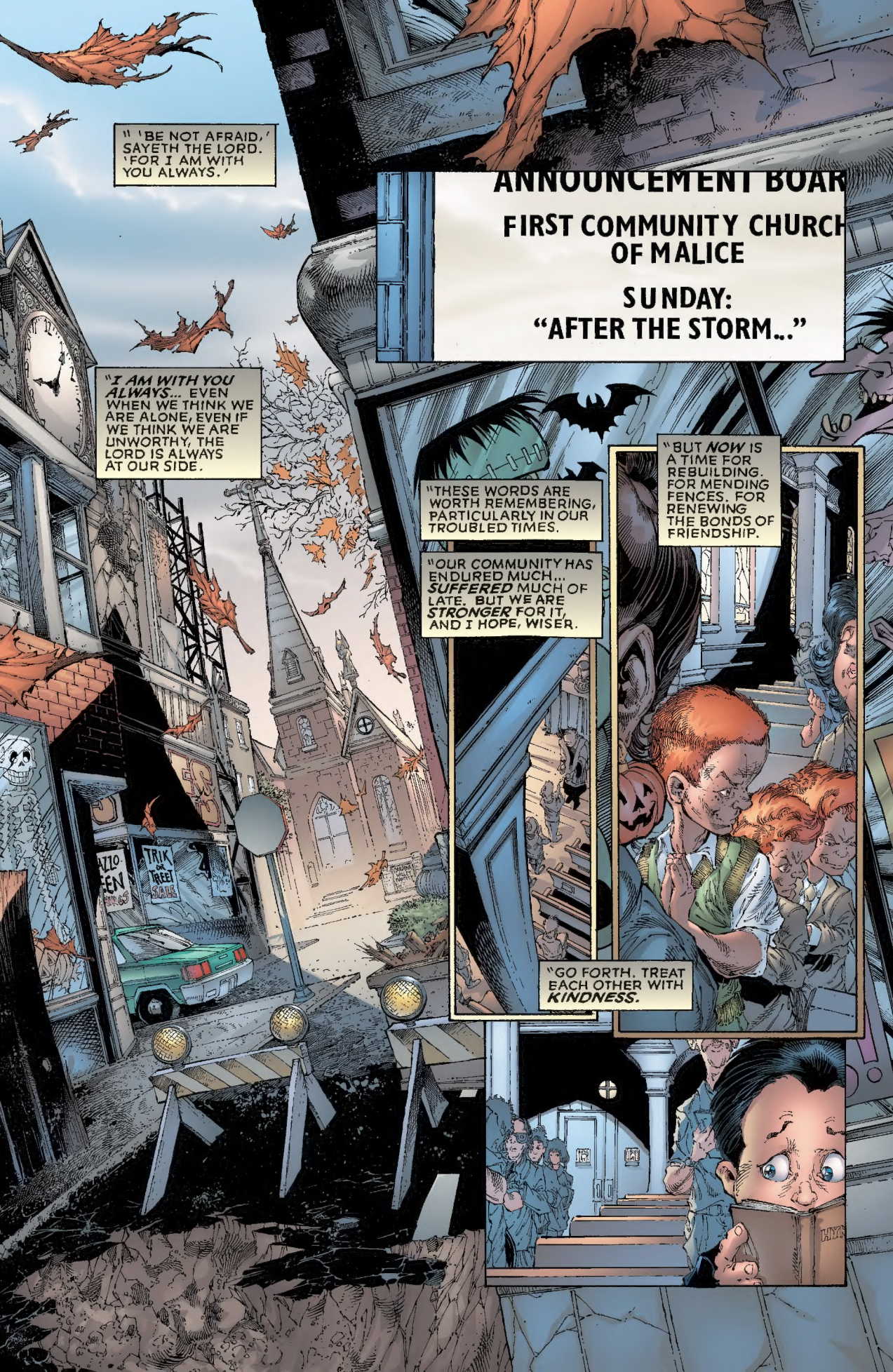


TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



SPAWN.COM

SPAWN #104. Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS 1071 N. Batavia St., Suite A, Orange, CA 92667. Spawn, its logo and its symbol are registered trademarks 2001 of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are TM and © 2001 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane.



"'BE NOT AFRAID,'
SAYETH THE LORD.
'FOR I AM WITH
YOU ALWAYS.'"

"I AM WITH YOU
ALWAYS... EVEN
WHEN WE THINK WE
ARE ALONE, EVEN IF
WE THINK WE ARE
UNWORTHY, THE
LORD IS ALWAYS
AT OUR SIDE."

ANNOUNCEMENT BOARD

FIRST COMMUNITY CHURCH OF MALICE

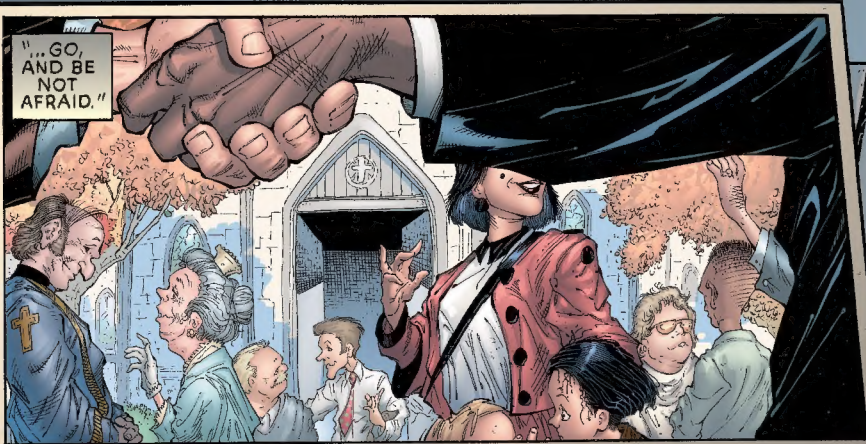
SUNDAY:
"AFTER THE STORM..."

"THESE WORDS ARE
WORTH REMEMBERING,
PARTICULARLY IN OUR
TROUBLED TIMES."

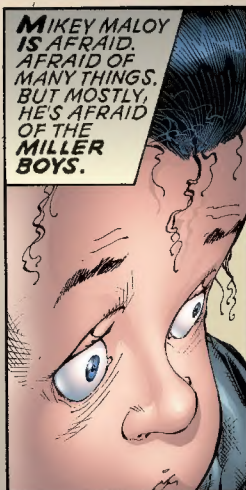
"OUR COMMUNITY HAS
ENDURED MUCH...
SUFFERED MUCH OF
LATE. BUT WE ARE
STRONGER FOR IT,
AND I HOPE, WISER."

"BUT **NOW** IS
A TIME FOR
REBUILDING.
FOR MENDING
FENCES. FOR
RENEWING
THE BONDS OF
FRIENDSHIP."

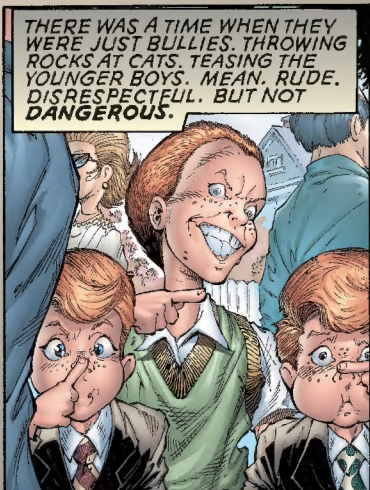
"GO FORTH. TREAT
EACH OTHER WITH
KINDNESS."



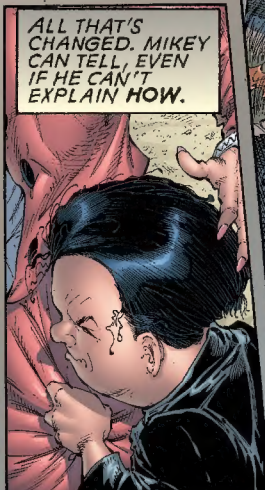
"...GO,
AND BE
NOT
AFRAID."



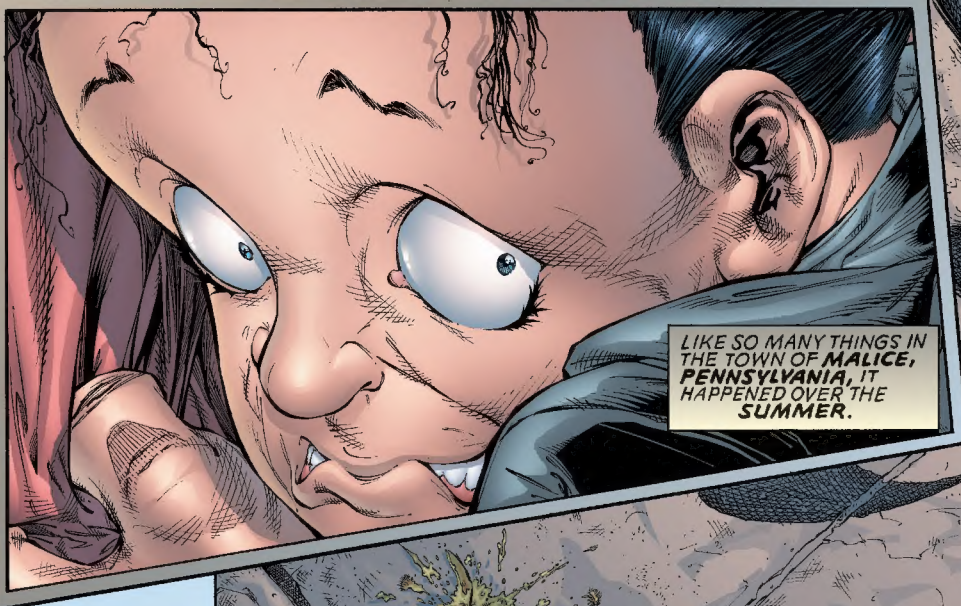
**MIKEY MALOY
IS AFRAID.
AFRAID OF
MANY THINGS.
BUT MOSTLY,
HE'S AFRAID
OF THE
MILLER
BOYS.**



**THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THEY
WERE JUST BULLIES. THROWING
ROCKS AT CATS. TEASING THE
YOUNGER BOYS. MEAN. RUDE.
DISRESPECTFUL. BUT NOT
DANGEROUS.**



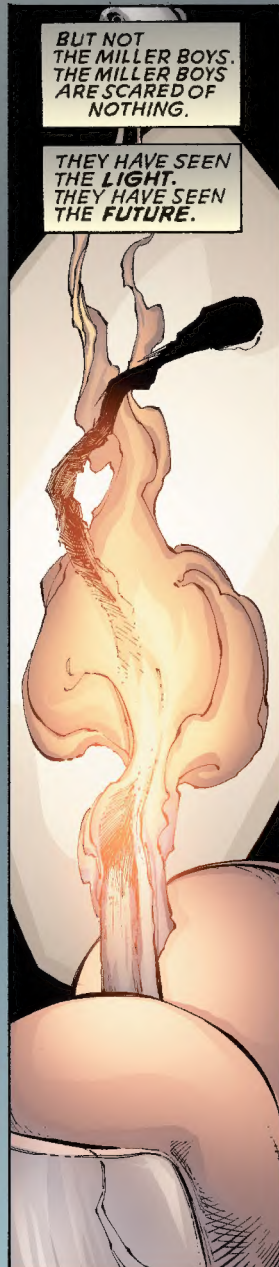
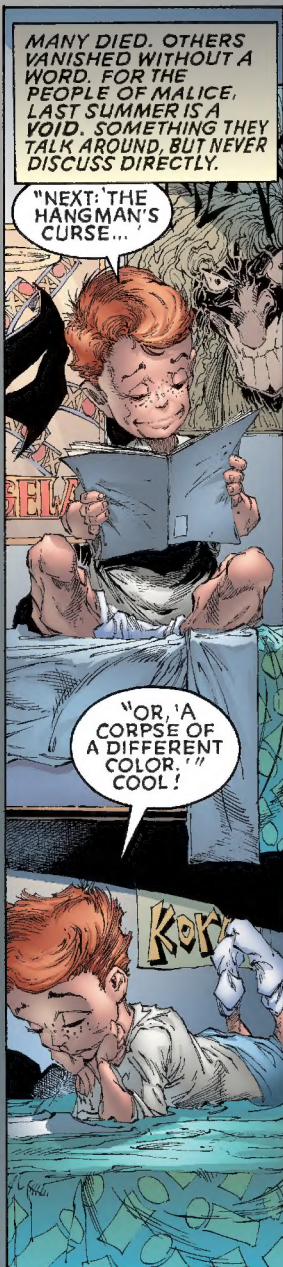
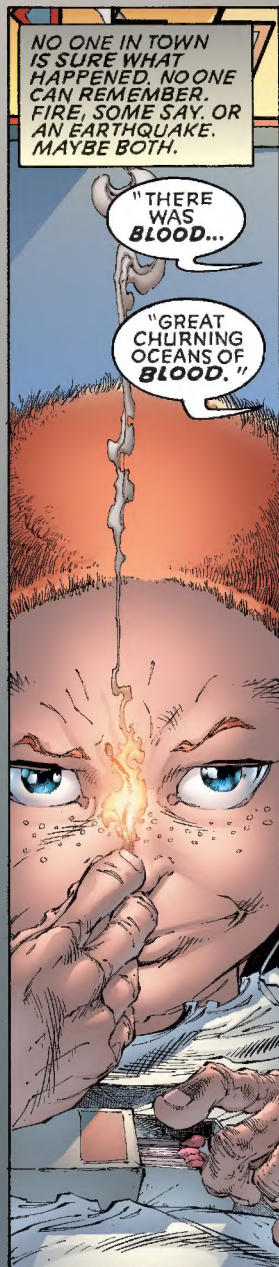
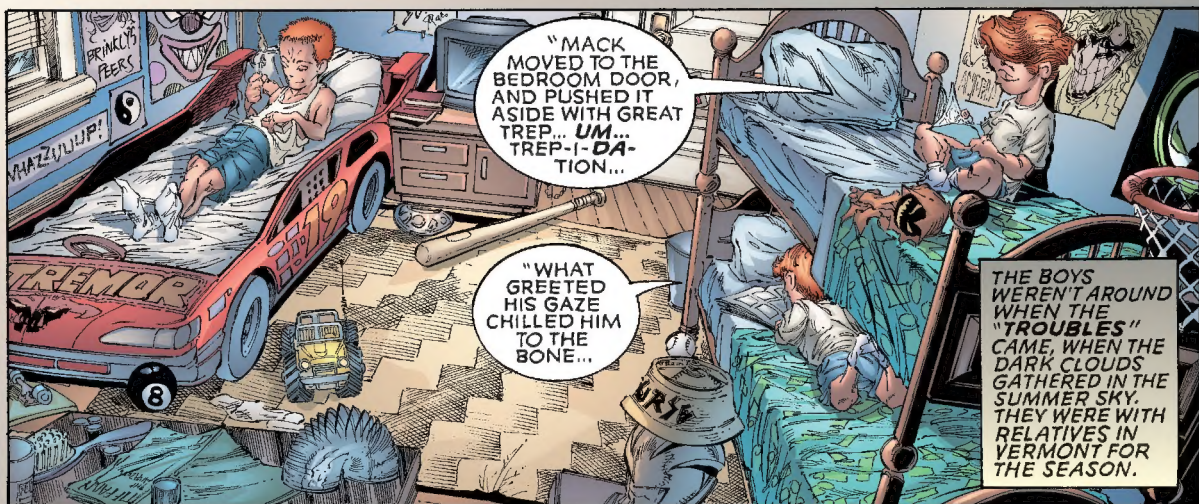
**ALL THAT'S
CHANGED. MIKEY
CAN TELL, EVEN
IF HE CAN'T
EXPLAIN HOW.**



**LIKE SO MANY THINGS IN
THE TOWN OF MALICE,
PENNSYLVANIA, IT
HAPPENED OVER THE
SUMMER.**

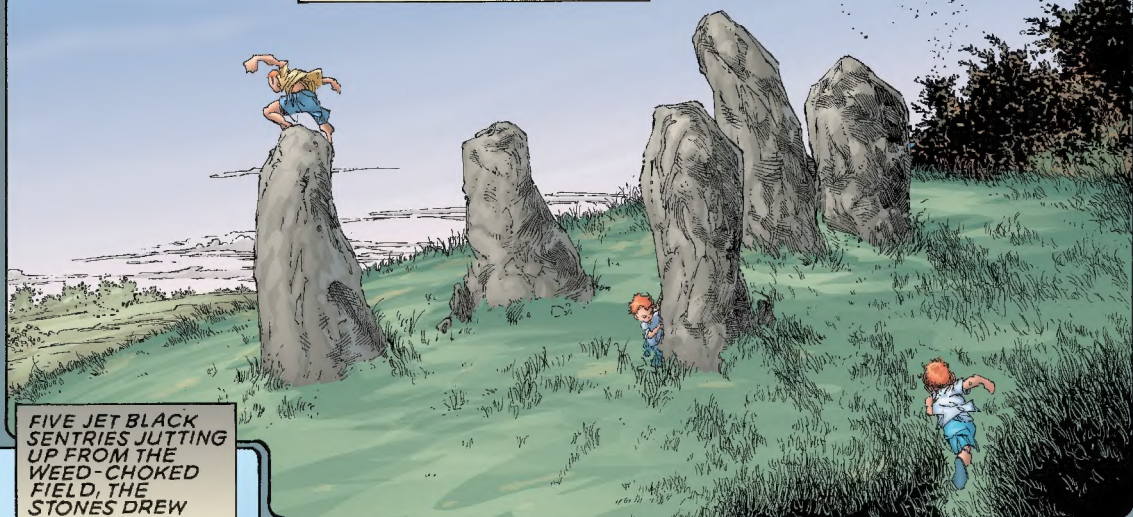


**ANYONE WITH
EYES CAN SEE
IT: THE MILLER
BOYS HAVE
CHANGED.**

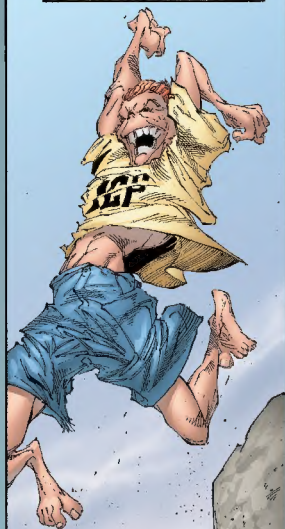


THE OTHER KIDS WERE TOO SCARED
TO PLAY IN WICK'S FIELD. THEY SAID
THE STONES WERE HAUNTED. THE
DEVIL'S RIGHT HAND THEY
CALLED THEM.

ALL OF WHICH MADE
PRESTON MILLER EAGER TO
GO. TO SHOW THE OTHER KIDS
THAT NOTHING SCARED HIM.

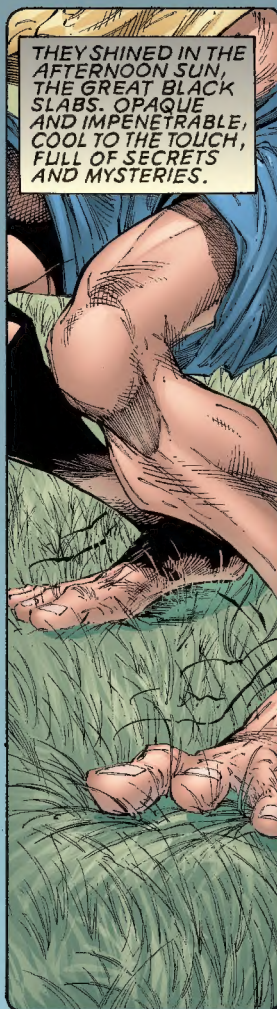


FIVE JET BLACK
SENTRIES JUTTING
UP FROM THE
WEED-CHOKED
FIELD, THE
STONES DREW
PRESTON LIKE
A MAGNET.



AND
WHEREVER
PRESTON
WENT, THE
TWIN
FOLLOWED.

THEY SHINED IN THE
AFTERNOON SUN,
THE GREAT BLACK
SLABS. OPAQUE
AND IMPENETRABLE,
COOL TO THE TOUCH,
FULL OF SECRETS
AND MYSTERIES.



FEW
SECRETS
STAY
HIDDEN
FOREVER.



THEY ALWAYS
HAVE A WAY
OF WORKING
THEMSELVES
OUT INTO
THE OPEN.



THIS IS HOW THE
INFORMATION
CAME TO
PRESTON MILLER.

FLOATING THROUGH HIS
BLOOD STREAM, BURNING IN
HIS VEINS LIKE A VIRUS.

THEN CAME THE
VISIONS. LIKE A SLOW-
MOTION MOVIE
VIEWED UNDERWATER.
DARK AND TERRIBLE
AND UNMISTAKABLY
TRUE.

AND THEN A VOICE, LIKE
ROLLING THUNDER: "KNOW
WHAT I AM," IT SAID.
"KNOW WHAT I CAN DO."

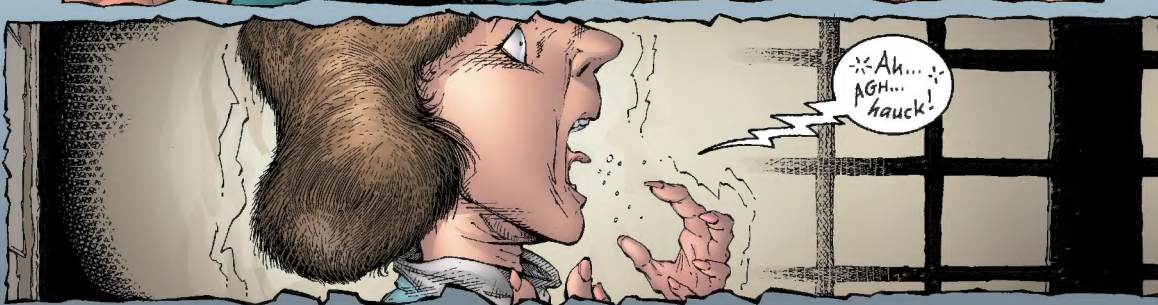
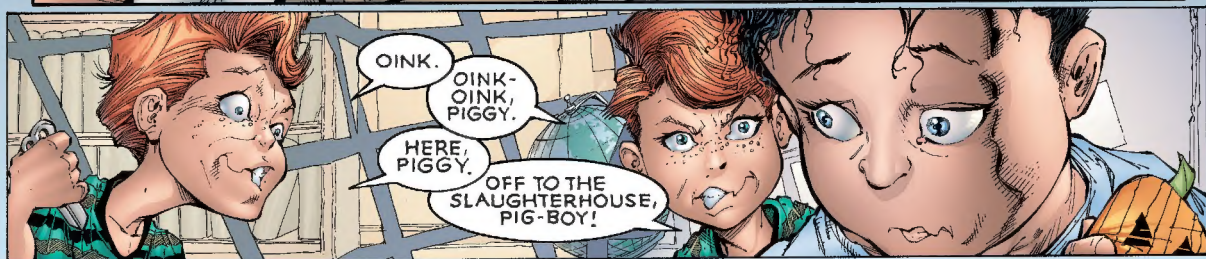
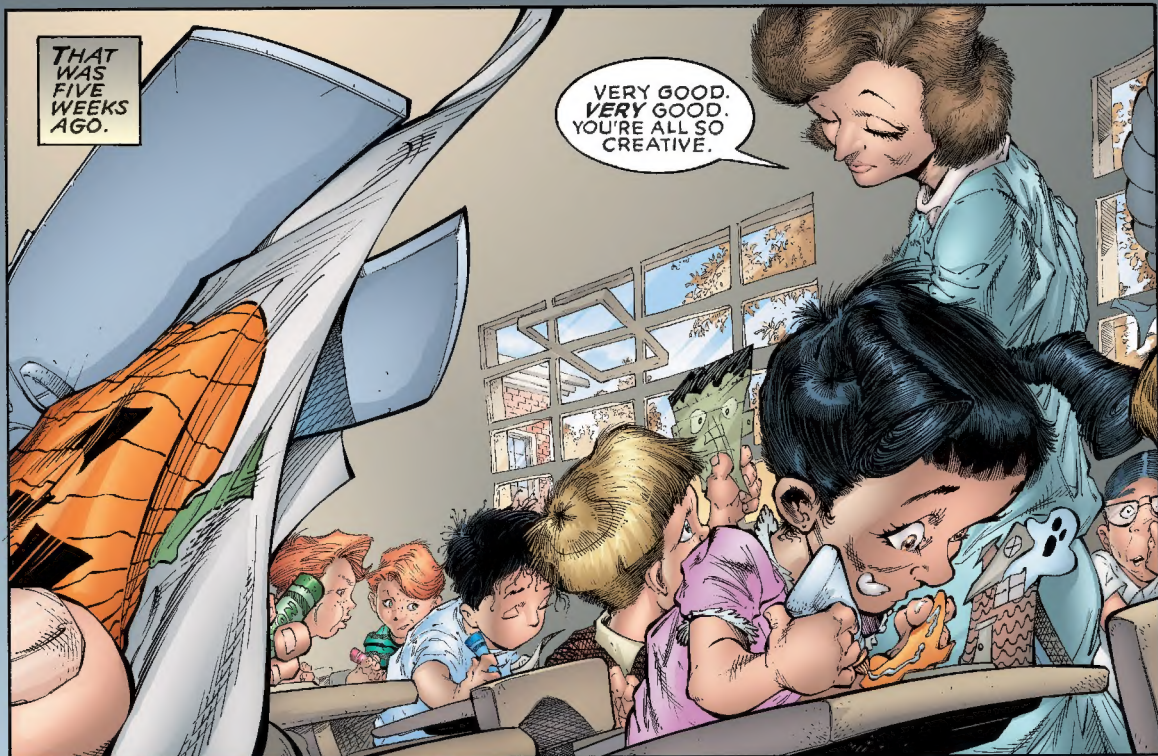
"AND MOST OF ALL,
KNOW THY ENEMY."

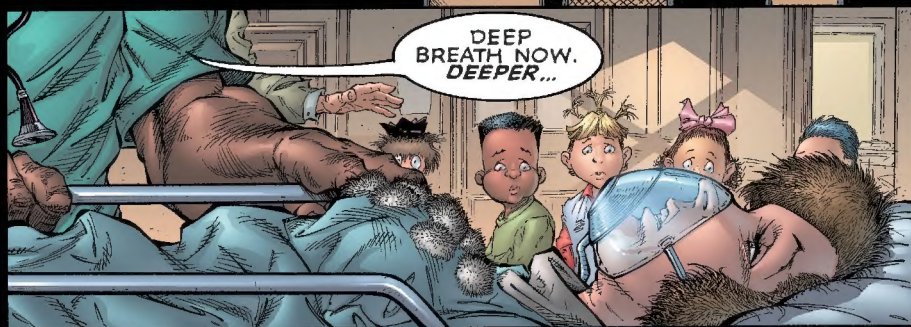
WHEN PRESTON AWOKES,
THE WHOLE WORLD
LOOKED DIFFERENT
TO HIM SOMEHOW. HE
KNEW THINGS NO ONE
ELSE IN TOWN KNEW.

SECRET THINGS.

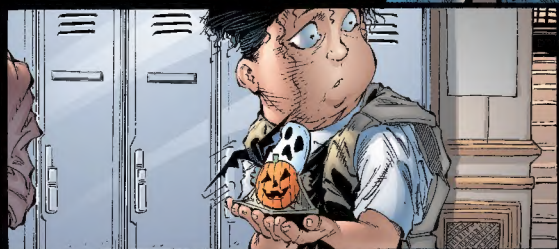
UGH...

HE COULDN'T
WAIT TO TELL
HIS BROTHERS.





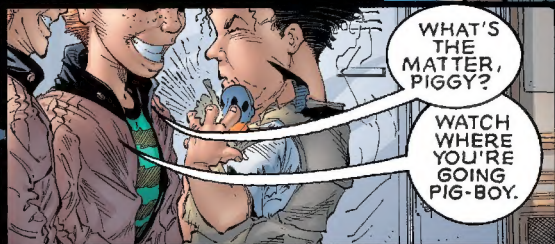
DEEP
BREATH NOW.
DEEPER...



PIGGY'S
GOING
TO GET
STUCK.

SQUEAL
PIGGY.
SQUEAL.

THE TIME'S
COMING, PIG-BOY.
SOONER THAN
YOU THINK.



WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
PIGGY?

WATCH
WHERE
YOU'RE
GOING
PIG-BOY.

GOT
EVERYTHING?



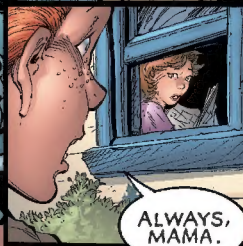
YEP.
EVERYTHING.

EVERY-
THING.



WE'RE
GOING TO
WORK ON OUR
COSTUMES.
HALLOWE'EN'S
NEXT WEEK.

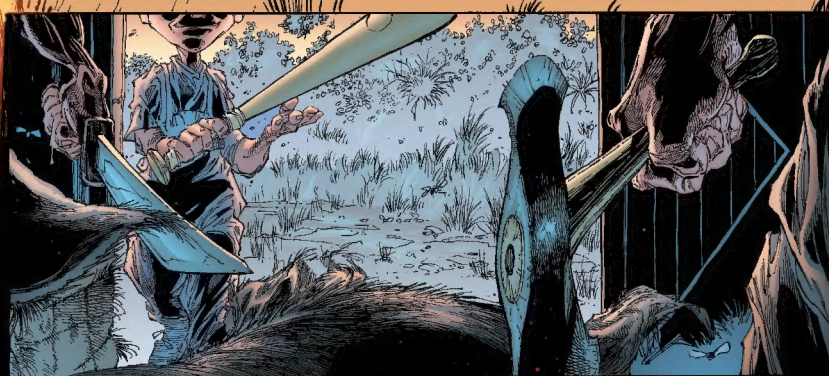
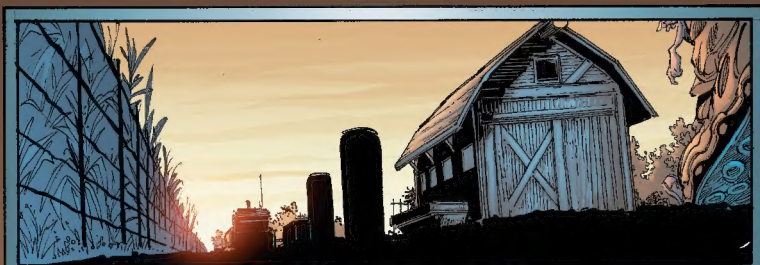
BOYS?
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?



ALL RIGHT,
THEN. BACK
BY SUPPER.
OKAY?

AND BOYS...
YOU BE GOOD,
NOW.

ALWAYS,
MAMA.



HALLOWE'EN.

IT'S HOT, MOIST BENEATH THE MASK. WARM TO THE TOUCH, LIKE A SECOND SKIN. IT SMELLS OF DEAD THINGS.

THE VOICES TELL PRESTON TO BE PATIENT, BUT HE IS ANXIOUS. HUNGRY.

TRICK OR
TREAT!!

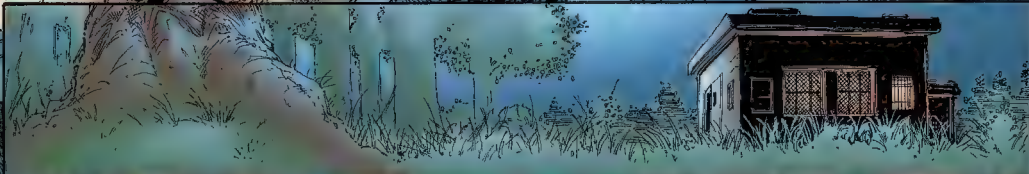
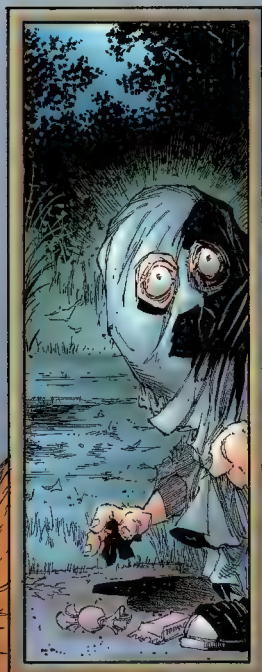
TRICK OR
TREAT!!!


TRACY, YOU
LOOK GREAT. TOM,
SAM... YOU TOO. AND
IS THAT MIKEY UNDER
THERE?

YES MA'AM.
THANK YOU.


HAVE
FUN!
BE
SAFE.

SHOOT!





I AM
THE VOID.
I AM THE
NIGHT.



I AM THE
WOLF THAT HUNTS
THE CHILD IN ITS
CRIB. I AM THE
DARKNESS THAT
KNOWS NO DAWN.

Ahhh...
NO!!!
STOP!

YOU ARE
THE DOOR...
YOU ARE THE
GATE THROUGH
WHICH MY
THUNDERS
SHALL PASS.



NO!
STOP!




I AM
THE COLD
BREATH OF
THE GRAVE.



I
AM--





PRESTON MILLER LOOKS OUT AT THE WORLD WITH EYES THAT ARE NOT HIS.

HIS BODY (NOT HIS BODY) IS ALIVE WITH AT LEAST A DOZEN NEW SENSES.

HE IS FEARLESS. UNSTOPPABLE.

THIS IS EVERYTHING HE EVER WANTED.

THE INFORMATION MOVES THROUGH HIS BLOOD, SEARING ANCIENT SECRETS ONTO THE WALLS OF HIS VEINS, REMAKING HIM CELL BY CELL.


HE SPEAKS WORDS HE DOESN'T FULLY UNDERSTAND.

I AM THE EATER OF WORLDS! I AM THE DESTROYER!

THIS THING THAT STANDS BEFORE HIM, THIS SAD LITTLE SPECK WRAPPED IN A CRIMSON CLOAK, IS SOMEHOW FAMILIAR.

A MOMENT'S DISTRACTION, NOTHING MORE. A NUISANCE. A THORN IN HIS SKIN.

WARRR!
I SHALL BURY YOU!



THE TWINS
WATCH IN AWE.
IT MOVES SO
FAST THEY
CAN'T BE SURE
WHAT THEY
ARE SEEING.

MIKEY SHUTS HIS
EYES AND WISHES IT
WERE ALL A DREAM.

PRESTON LAUGHS
TO HIMSELF. HE
CAN FEEL HIS
POWER GROWING
BEYOND MEASURE.

THIS IS WHAT
HE WAS BORN
FOR. THIS IS
HIS DESTINY.

HE IS THE
LUCKIEST
BOY TO
EVER LIVE.

AND IT IS ONLY
A TASTE OF
WHAT IS TO
COME. SOON
HIS STRENGTH
WILL BE
GREATER
THAN WORLDS.

GAAUGH!

ENOUGH!


UGHN!

PLAYTIME
IS OVER.






THE WORLD SPINS OFF
ITS AXIS AND THE NIGHT
SPLITS INTO JAGGED
SHARDS AROUND HIM.



PRESTON IS
AWARE OF
SOMEONE
SCREAMING.
HE'S AFRAID
IT MIGHT
BE HIM.

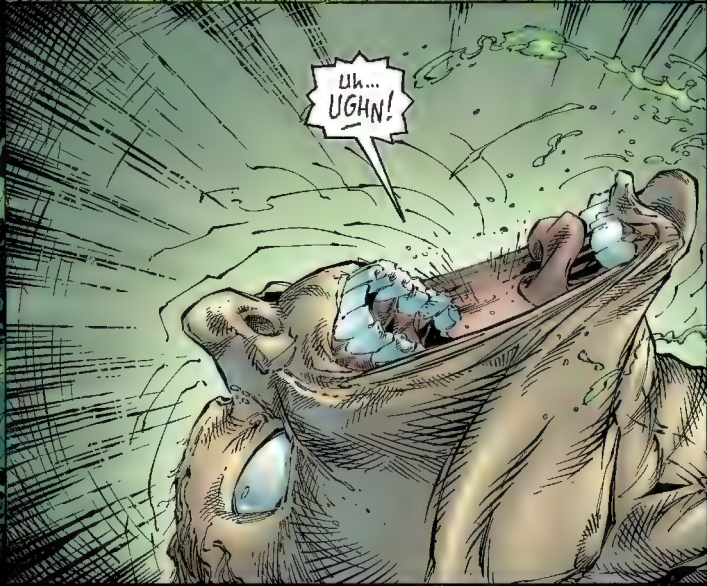
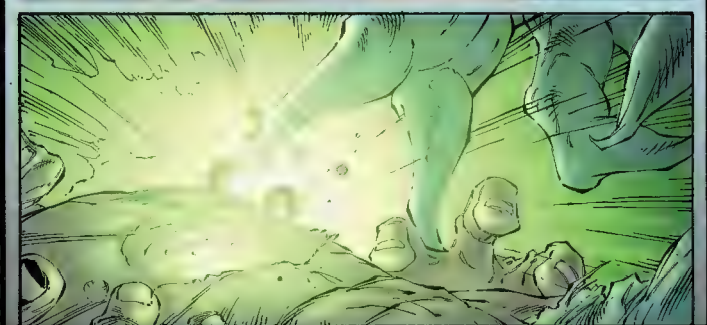
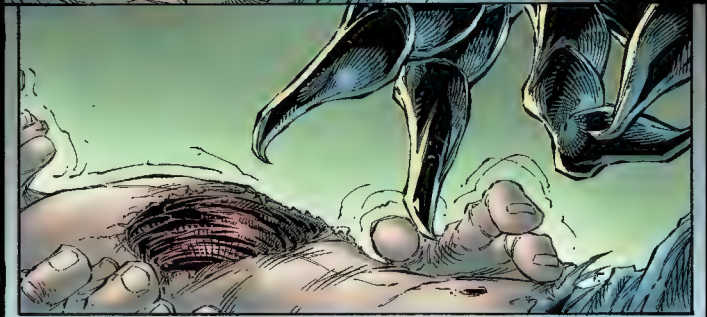
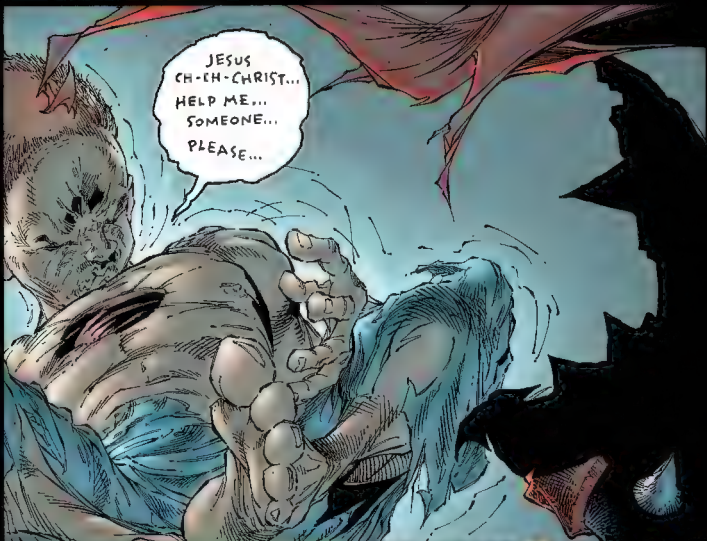


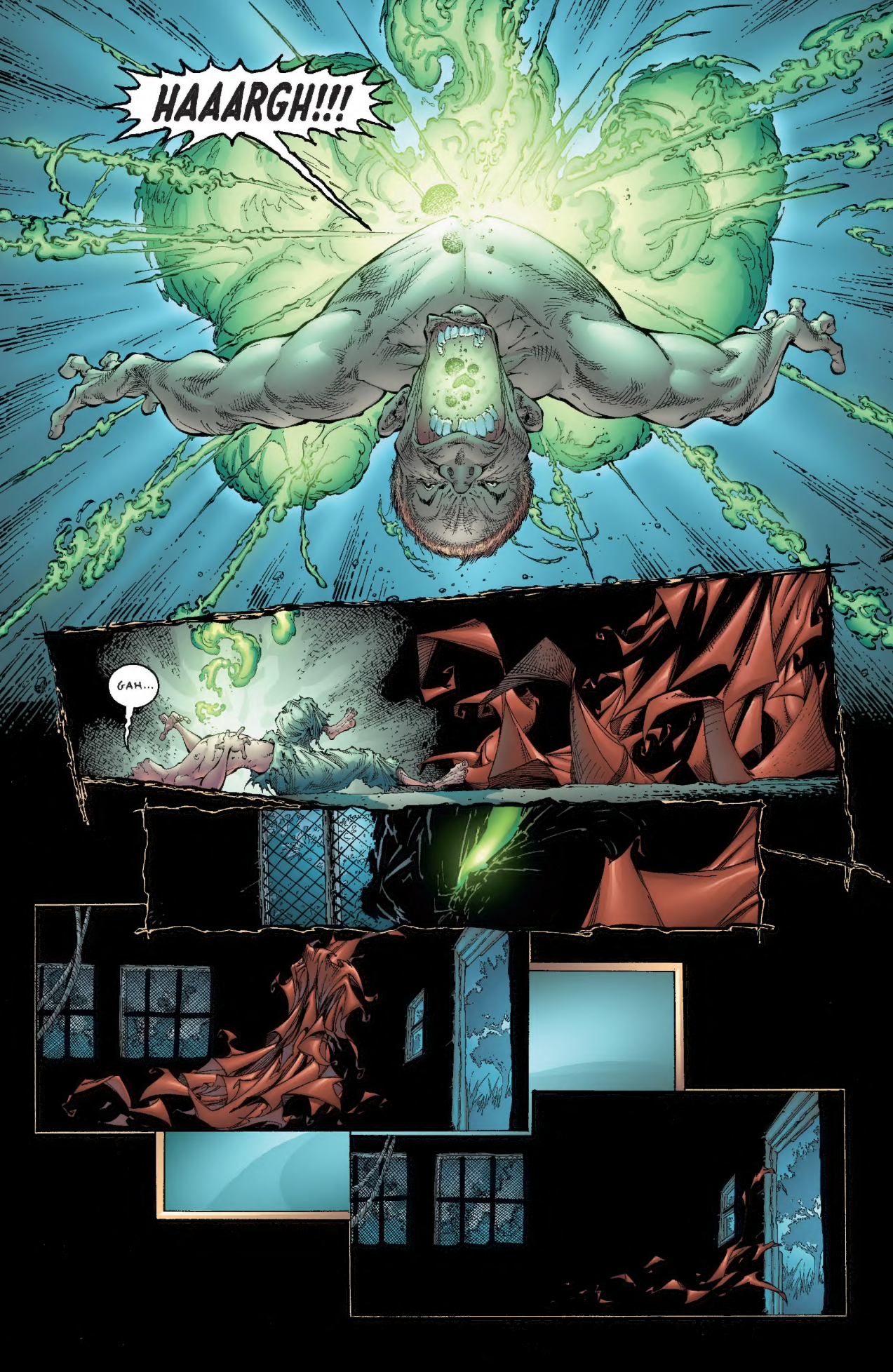
THE ROOM
GROWS HOT AT
FIRST, AND
THEN VERY
COLD. EVERY-
THING HE
DREAMED OF
CRUMBLES
INTO DUST.



OH MY GOD!

PRESTON--?



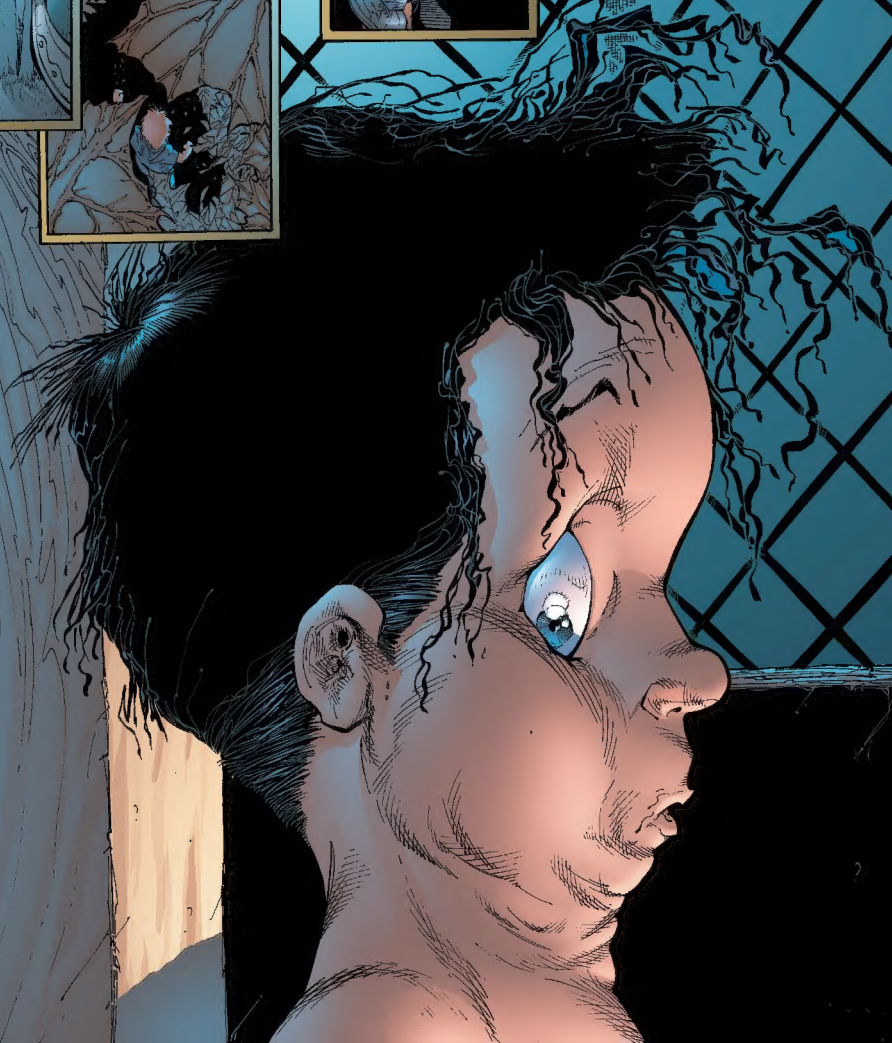


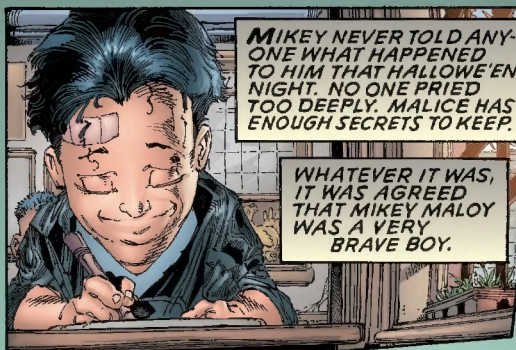
HAAARGH!!!

GAH...



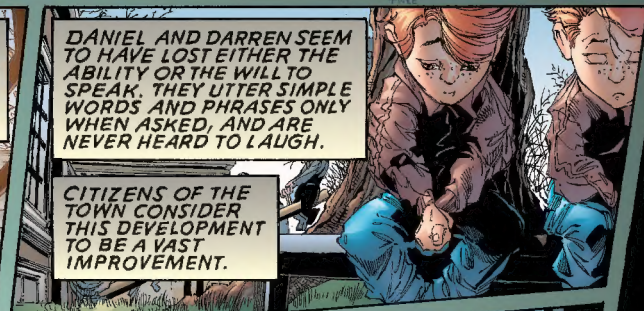
help...?





MIKEY NEVER TOLD ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THAT HALLOWE'EN NIGHT. NO ONE PRIED TOO DEEPLY. MALICE HAS ENOUGH SECRETS TO KEEP.

WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS AGREED THAT MIKEY MALOY WAS A VERY BRAVE BOY.



DANIEL AND DARREN SEEM TO HAVE LOST EITHER THE ABILITY OR THE WILL TO SPEAK. THEY UTTER SIMPLE WORDS AND PHRASES ONLY WHEN ASKED, AND ARE NEVER HEARD TO LAUGH.

CITIZENS OF THE TOWN CONSIDER THIS DEVELOPMENT TO BE A VAST IMPROVEMENT.



PRESTON MILLER FELL VICTIM TO SOME STRANGE ILLNESS AND HAS NOT RETURNED TO SCHOOL. HE IS CONSTANTLY COLD AND TERRIFIED OF THE DARK.

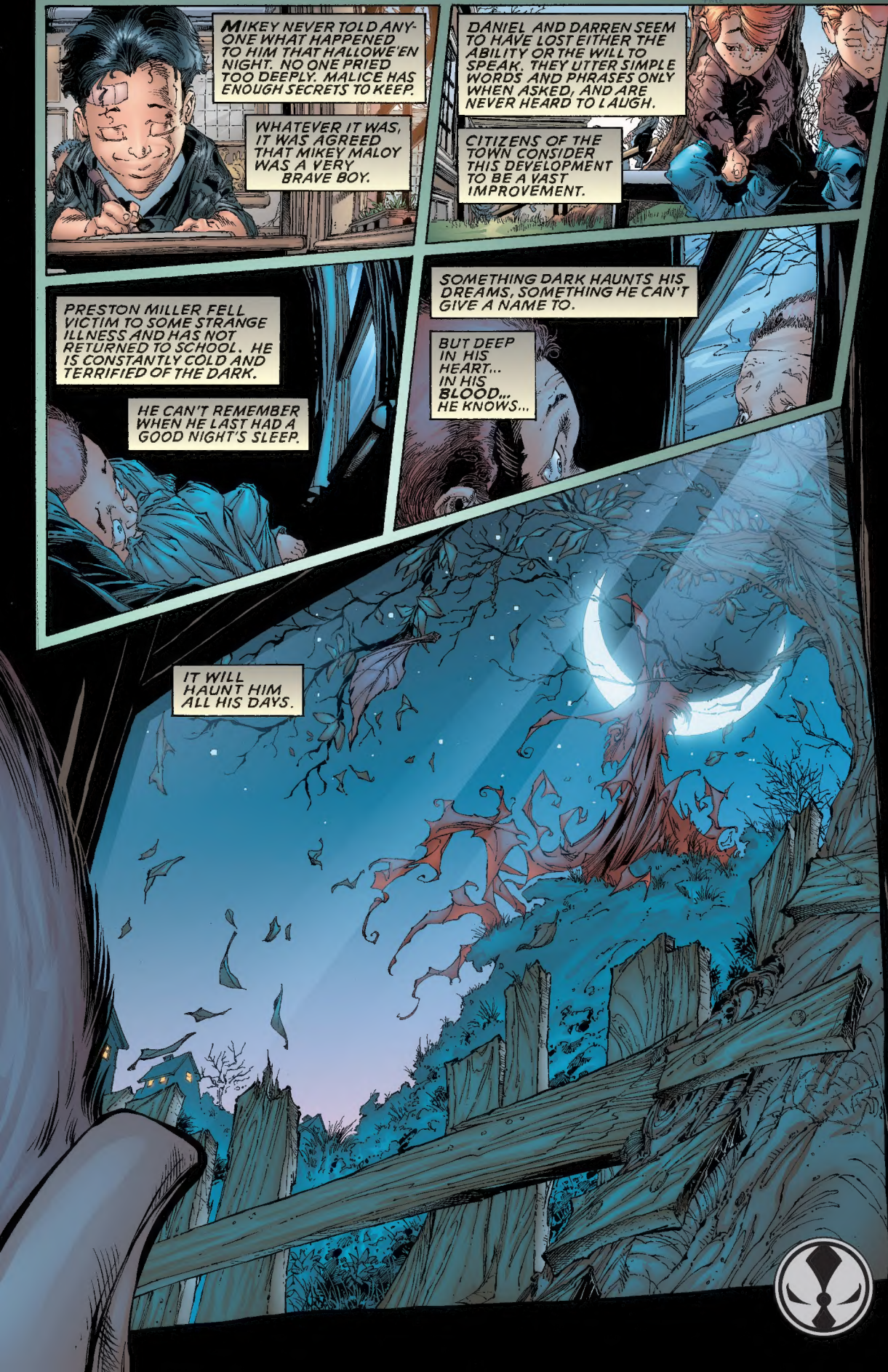
HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN HE LAST HAD A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.



SOMETHING DARK HAUNTS HIS DREAMS, SOMETHING HE CAN'T GIVE A NAME TO.

BUT DEEP IN HIS HEART... IN HIS BLOOD... HE KNOWS...

IT WILL HAUNT HIM ALL HIS DAYS.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE